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D. W. WILLIAMS
Marlinton, W. Va.

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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

MARGARET LYNN LEWIS
1893-1790
THE DIARY OF THE WIFE OF COL. JOHN LEWIS, THE FOUNDER OF AUGUSTA COUNTY
Published in 1899 in the Magazine, "The Land We Love," at Charlotte, North Carolina.

This will be published in four parts in this newspaper. So far as known, this document has not heretofore been found by any of the historians who are the authors of the current books on Augusta County or the Lewis family.

Part IV

There is terrible warfare going on between our settlers and the faithless Indians. What of my gentle child I cannot tell.

Last night our fort was assailed for the second time since this dreadful business broke out, but there was little damage done. For they have no artillery. John Lewis and his boys are still away in the search, but those left at the fort managed manfully. I could feel no fear and the wild war-cries waked no terror, for one strong feeling kepteth another at bay, and I was already possessed with dread and anguish.

Toward day, long after the savages dispersed, our men still having one eye open for them, did see, creeping on all fours, from the wood and toward the settlement, nay (indeed, close by my house, when it had been permitted to come so far, then Joshua Grant fired on it,) what seemed to be a stout Indian, all painted and bedizened in full war array. The creature groaned and fell, dropping its bow and arrows on the ground. There all lay till some one should run up.—William Stuart first, and the victim turned out to be Greenlee's mad sister. Some deem her mad, that is to say, some a witch. She rideth all over the country alone, at will, and talks strangely at times. Months she has been missing from Burden's grant where her brother lives, and no one could tell ought of her. She has been a captive, she says. Indeed she will be more angel in my sight than flesh and blood, if she talks not idly in the news she bears me. She can bring Alice, if I but give her a swift horse. Her wound was not deep, though some painful. I could not entreat her to stay for its better healing, but dressed it tenderly as I could and gave her our best animal and prayed her speed.

I can see Nora thinks the pony is gone for no profit. The woman does to be sure, talk wildly of the palace under the earth where she has hidded White Dove. She knows something of her, giving proof that far in calling her by her Indian bestowed name. That gives me hope, while I ponder again upon her disconnected harangue of silver palace-walls and pearly floors. She hath an apartment there, so she tells, where she holds communion with the dead, and their voices answer her. Her language is very good, and she commences to talk with so rational and plausible an air, that you find yourself listening most intently, and rapt, indeed, then she becomes so excited that mind and tongue run rick together, and a brain of only healthy velocity cannot keep up. I cannot write more.

There promises to be little peace between us and these savages ever again, scarce a day passes but chronicles some new depredations. Still they do us the justice to acknowledge the red man was the aggressor. The Great Spirit, they say, is on the side of the white man, and indeed our mode of warfare hath been destructive enough.

My husband has imported the pink clover into the country, but they will have it is their wild white clover, which Lewis and his men have dyed red with the blood of the Indian.

My poor Alice looks infant-like and innocent with her bald head.

A threatening fever followed the excitement and terror of her stealing away by the savages, and her roses in her cheeks are scarce recovered yet.

Mary Greenlee was as good as her word in bringing the lost baby to us, and for Alice, she told the strangest tale, the which, did I not have proof better, might almost make me think the child mad as Mary Greenlee. This latter was with the Indians in their assault the night before her discovery of herself to us. They had truly taken her captive, and she the more readily to pave the way to escape when the time should offer, feigned dislike of the whites, and that she had run to them of her own will. She painted her skin like them and dressed like them, but the very night they brought White Dove home a captive her heart was stirred for her race. She watched her opportunity, seized her pony they had captured, with her, and taking fear-draught child behind her, set out at speed of the wind, so Alice tells, and so deftly did she manage that they were not pursued—to be conscious of pursuit.

The witch, as some call her betook her rescued prisoner and herself to a strange great cavern somewhere, which none since have been enabled to find trace of, let the pony go, so the red men might follow its tracks, nor halt at her retreat, which, indeed, it is a question if it is known to them.

I tell Alice she has become daft, what with her capture and reading of the Arabian Nights, for she talks of the grand marble palace under ground, of its interminable galleries, its statues and its fountains, and withal of stars and moon peering through the roof. Now every one knows no human head would contrive anything so silly as a princely hallof this gait with any of its roof open to the sky. It must be a weird edifice, truly, and worthy the keeper who feedeth herself and change guests on dried haws and chinquapins. But none of the Lewis name can forevermore carp at Mary Greenlee, what she does. Blessed creature! I would walk on hands and knees to serve her to the latest day of my life.

That day of the last siege of our fort, while Alice was lost, as she did demonstrate to us afterward, she showed more wit to give us tidings of our stolen one, than we to, make good

use thereof. She had shot over the wall, fastened to her arrow, the words scratched in berry-juice upon a piece of white rag—"The White Dove is safe!" She sought for and found the same afterward. How this strange being fell in with the savages again, after liberating herself, it been her freak not to tell, but she comes and goes like a spirit, and some do say, indeed, they are beginning to regard her with a sort of superstition.

My sons do get great praise for their bravery in combatting the common enemy. Such we must regard them. They have been a long time coming to this, and the pretended affront of refusing intermarriage with them was only a pretext for what they had long ago considered.

Omyah came with downcast looks to visit us again, after the carrying away and restoration of Alice. He protests and we are inclined to believe truly, he had nothing to do with the treachery thereof. He too was surprised, he says. He adds, that he saw Mary Greenlee's contrivance for getting the White Dove away and kept his mouth bang up. [Shut tight] She bears him out in this, but we cannot tell from her evidence. At any rate, I am willing and glad to think the boy was not at fault. He has been the playmate of my sons so long I can but feel attached to him. Tiger-King professes great penitence, but in him I have less faith. In the old I look for more stability, in the young I look for more truth. This for red man and white man. Omyah comes rarely.

The Rev. Morgan Morgan, who hath been chiefly instrumental in erecting the first church in this Virginia Valley takes much interest in civilizing and Christianizing the savage race, and his labors among them have not altogether been discouraged. Indeed if he might but win one to the light of the Bible it would be great gain, yet I cannot be disabused of my thought that it is an up-hill work, and that a preacher may always be prepared for ambush, even where he thinks he has gained both ear and heart.

Charles, my New-World child, as I call him; being the first born here, is a daring spirit. The boy lives in the chase and in war. Among the Alleghenies he was captured some time since by a party of Indians, who took the child on, barefoot, some two-hundred or more of miles, his poor arms girded behind him and he driven on by threats and brandishing knives of his vile tormentors.


Traveling along a bank some twenty feet high, Charles suddenly and by intense muscular force snapped the cords by which he was bound, dashed himself down the precipice into the bed of a mountain-torrent below, and thus effected his escape. Not but that they followed him fast enough, yet he had some little the advance of them, so, leaping the trunk of tree which chanced to lay prostrate in the way, a sudden falling of strength did come over him and he sank into the weeds and tall grass which surrounded it. His pursuers bounded over, sundry of them almost touching him as they sprang, but God be thanked! they did not slacken speed and hurried on still seeking him.

As soon as he deemed it safe he essayed to rise from his grassy bed, but here was a new adversary to cope withal—a huge rattlesnake lying in coils near his face he even must hold his breath, lest the bare movement caused by inspiration bring the monster's fangs and his own nose (of which he hath a goodly allowance) in

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fatal contact. Once, indeed, as he waved to and fro, his huge rattle rested upon Charles' ear. Let him but wink, let him but move one muscle and the terrible thing would be upon him. He lay thus in painful motionlessness many minutes, when the beast, supposing him dead, crawled over the lad's body and went his way. It is a noble characteristic that they will not attack that which hath not life and power to get away.

I wonder if it is not a token of my death that today, wiping my spectacles and putting them on, I have taken up this book after so long laying of it aside.

I feel indeed like a traveler whose way has lain by a devious and up-hill road, and now in some peaceful sweet sky, when there are no clouds in the sky, turns to survey the way he has come, before entering into his rest and closing the doors about him.

I see my children here and there settled around me,—sons and my daughter. Dear Andrew, who is known as General Lewis, still follows the fortunes of his great chief, Washington. Thomas is in the honorable House of Burgesses, my Alice bears her matronly honors well, and sometimes tells her eldest child how the dying Indian boy, Omyah, Christianized at the last, did wildly crave the wings of the White Dove to bear him up to the home of the Great Spirit.

There is a grave by Great Kanawha's side which tells where Charles Lewis, my blue-eyed American child, fell bravely fighting, honored and beloved, in the fierce affray at Point Pleasant. God rest him! the gentle at home are the bravest in war, ever. A little hillock on the prairie with its white mound of stones is not over-

looked, though an insignificant object in the landscape to any but mother-eyes.

William is confined by sickness, so we hear today, also that his wife, noble woman! has sent off her last three sons, the youngest thirteen, to repel the British at Rockfish Gap. "Go, my children," this Roman mother said, "I spare not even my youngest, my fair-haired boy, the comfort of my declining years, I devote you all to my country. Keep back the invader's foot from the soil of Augusta, or see my face no more."

Men with such mothers are the men who form a nation. But the wrangle of wars and the rumors of wars sound faint to me now, and I say to the one who standeth hand in hand with me on this height, who hath been a helpmeet every step of the way,—only a little longer, John John Lewis, and the Lord of the mountain will open unto us and we will enter his doors together.

For Sale

42 acres of land one mile above Cloverlick, on the west of the railroad. Four room house, barn, cellar and other outbuildings. 25 or more acres cleared; two orchards; lots of tile and farm timber, telephone poles, etc.

Apply to A. B. Hamrick, Cloverlick, W. Va.

Farm For Sale

The John F. Wanless farm on Thorny Creek is for sale. This is a large farm particularly good for grass. For particulars and price apply to George N. Lingler, Weston, W. Va.

CHEVROLET

The worlds lowest priced Quality Automobile. In Economy of operation it is unsurpassed. In comfort and beauty it leads. It offers the utmost per dollar of value. It is winning on its merit.

Learn our new way of paying for a Chevrolet. Cars will be scarce. Place your order now.

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Marlinton Motor Company
"Nothing compares with Chevrolet."

For Sale

100 acres of land one and one quarter miles below Spring Creek depot, about 60 acres of good improved land, remainder in timber, good house, barn and outbuildings, large garden. Orchard contains most all kinds of fruit seldom fails, grapes and berries. Close to Frankford Church and high school, station on place, rural mail delivery, phone in-house. This land has been kept up for trucking. For particulars write A. B. Gardner, Spring Creek, W. Va.

For Sale

51 acres of land, 3 miles from Marlinton, good house, barn and other buildings, plenty water; 2 good orchards; mostly improved and in good state of cultivation. For particulars apply to Mrs. Mary M. Sharp, Huntersville, W. Va.

For Sale

1 black mare, 7 years, wt. 1250
1 one horse turn plow, 1 five plow cultivator, 1 single shovel plow, 1 set new dray harness, 1 one horse wagon. At my place in the town of Marlinton. W. M. Waugh, Drayman.

For Sale

8 room house and two lots in the Greenbrier Hill addition to Marlinton. Desirable property at an attractive price.

Charles McCarty, Marlinton, W. Va.

Notice

All accountants that are past due must be settled within 10 days or they will be turned over to collectors for collection.

Nettle Towansend, Frost, W. Va.

Administrators Notice

Notice is hereby to all persons having claims against the estate of B. Frank White, deceased, to present their accounts proven according to law to the undersigned administrator at his office at Minnehaha Springs, W. Va. All persons owing said estate will prepare to settle at once.

This 20th day of February, 1924
E. Ernest White
Administrator estate of B. Frank White, deceased.

FIDUCIARY NOTICE

The following is a list of fiduciaries who accounts are before me for settlement: W. E. Poage, Executor of Mary J. Poage, deceased, J. D. Mace, Adm. of A. B. Ware, deceased. Given under my hand this 19th day of February, 1924.

P. T. Ward
Commissioner of Accounts

NOTICE

There have been on my place on Thomas Creek, since November 1, two old ewes. Owner can have property by paying cost of keeping and advertising.

William S. Gragg, Dunmore, W. Va.
adv. \$1 paid.

FOR SALE—Fine Barred Rock Cockerels bred from pen that I headed with cockerel direct from Thompson. For which I paid \$75.00 special sale. Prices \$5.00 and \$3.00.

Mrs. L. P. McLaughlin, Hillsboro, W. Va.

Latest Designs

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PURITAS SPRINGS, 230-267 egg strain, Kerlin quality
Prize winners

S. C. Anconas
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Cockerels from many of the above strains, \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5 each. Eggs for setting, \$1.50 for 15 at farm; \$2.00 by parcel post, prepaid. Day-old chicks \$20.00 per 100 until May 1st; \$15 per 100 after May 1st, until July 15th. Place orders now!

BLACK LANGSHANS

If it is real chickens you want, buy a few pullets and a cockerel of the Prince Ebony strain Black Langshans at \$2.00 each, or a setting of eggs at \$1.50 per setting from.

W. H. Arbogast
Marlinton, W. Va.

For Sale

One Peerless 6 horse power steam engine, good as new, and in running condition, on iron wheels.

For price see, Ollie E. Brown Arbovale, W. Va.

FOR SALE

One team of horses weighing 2900 pounds, and harness, logging out fit in good condition will sell cheap if sold at once.

Luther H. Shradar

FOR SALE

Two teams of logging horses and harness, good bargain to quick buyer.

M. J. White
Huntersville, W. Va.

FRUIT

In abundance will be yours if you buy our master-grown apple, peach, plum and pear trees. Also roses, ornamentals, evergreen trees, etc. Write for catalog and prices.

SOUTHERN NURSERY COMPANY,
Wingchester, Tenn.

PIANO FOR SALE

A Merrill piano, good as new, can be seen at the home of Miss Eda Beard, on Camden Ave., Marlinton. For sale at an attractive price. Apply to,

Kenny Welford,
Minnehaha Springs, W. Va.

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Why Cured Fertilizer Grows Better Crops

Mr. Royster discovered that by aging or curing fertilizer for four to six months he could increase its value as a plant-food. He found that this curing brought about a certain chemical action which prepared the fertilizer for the use of crops and made food elements available at the very time they are needed.

Why Mr. Royster can Cure his Fertilizer

Naturally it requires vast quantities of material in order to anticipate a season's supply, half a year before it is needed. (This half year representing the aging period). It also requires strong financial resources. Thus;—only a company like Royster's can offer this improved type of fertilizer.

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